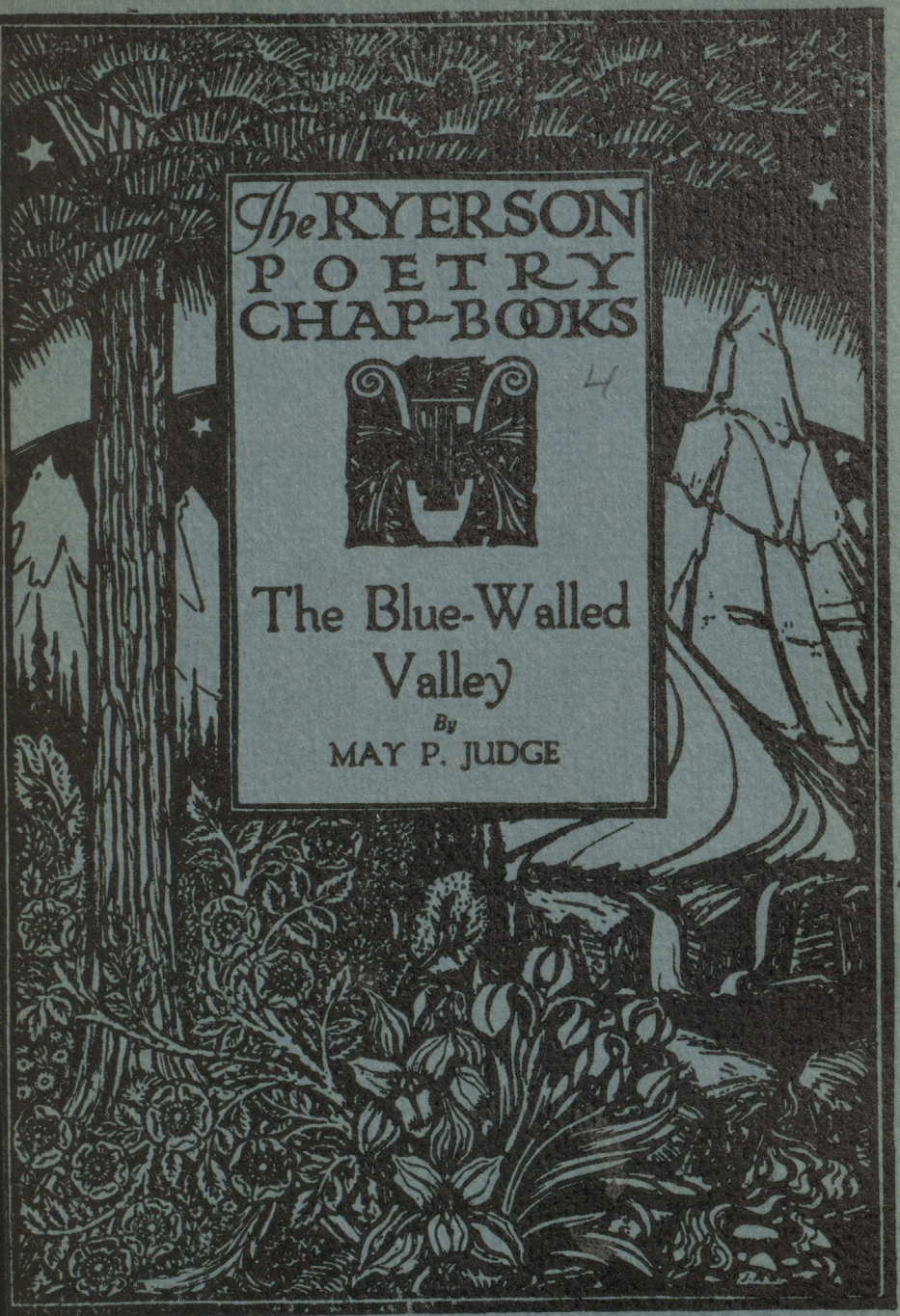
PS8519
U33B58
1929
McLennan

PRESENTED BY THE
UNIVERSITY BOOK CLUB



ACC. NO. 301013 DATE 1935

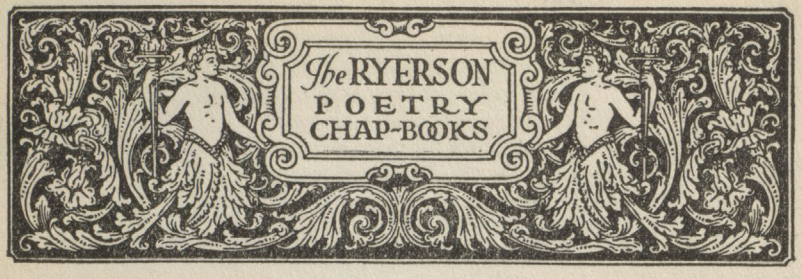
McGill University Libraries
PS 8519 U33B58 1929
The blue-walled valley /
3 000 676 144 A


The RYERSON
POETRY
CHAP-BOOKS
4
The Blue-Walled
Valley
By
MAY P. JUDGE

OF THIS EDITION OF *THE BLUE-WALLED VALLEY*, BY MAY P. JUDGE, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES HAVE BEEN PRINTED. THIS CHAP-BOOK IS A PRODUCT OF THE RYERSON PRESS, TORONTO, CANADA.

Copyright, Canada, 1929,
by The Ryerson Press.

PS8519 U33B58 1929 McLennan
Judge, May P.
The blue-walled valley
Y82P7J89b 71771987



The Blue-Walled Valley

By May P. Judge

✣ ✣ ✣

OH, THE joy of scented mornings,
From the slowly stirring breeze,
Breath of mountains joining fragrance
With the breath of lilac trees.
Blossoms falling from the fruit trees,
Pink and white, like tinted snow,
Blowing down on orchard grasses,
Carpeting the earth below.

Every day young things are growing,
Last year's birds are back with spring;
They might have so much to tell us
Could they word the notes they sing.
In the low-hung haze of morning,
Cobweb vapours form and grow,
Blurring trees to phantom armies,
Waiting for some hidden foe;

Then, the sudden gleam of colour,
When the sunlight, breaking through,
Weaves the army's misty greyness
Into coats of gold and blue.
Waters of the lake are mirror'd,
Dimly showing peaks of snow,
Rocks and trees of nearer mountains
Are reflected clear below.

301013

Full-blown roses on the roadway,
  Starry blooms in bushes green,
Backward turn their rosy petals
  Down to leaves they fall between.
Pale acacias droop long blossoms
  Near a beech tree, glowing red,
And the depth of sky and mountains
  Shines behind and over head.

Butterflies of black and yellow
  Haunt the sweet syringa trees,
Flutter, rise, and poise, and flutter,
  Sipping honey with the bees.
Then, the wonder-glow of evening,
  Lowlands bathed in sunset lights,
Purple shadows climb the mountains,
  Rise to fade in rosy heights.

Walls of darkness fill the gloaming,
  Piled against a lemon sky,
Hidden in the deep, blue twilight,
  They like sleeping monsters lie.
Life has almost perfect moments,
  If we would but understand
Making friends with spring and summer,
  In this blue-walled valley land.

REMEMBRANCE

IN YEARS to come, if we should never meet,
To both of us will linger something sweet
In understanding knowledge, living through
The perfect friendship I have had with you.
As gardens flourish, blossoming from seeds,
Ours grew from out your many kindly deeds
To me, in lonely silences I knew;
And brought me growing confidence in you.
At night, when sleep is often woo'd and sought
In vain to still the vagaries of thought,
I follow where the wings of fancy go,
Through forest glades, with glint of sea below;
And find again a happiness serene
Created out of moments that have been.
And then, it seems that you have dreamed of this,—
Your lips find mine in one long, good-night kiss.

THE ZEPHYR WINDS

HAD I a wish for one June day,
I'd join the zephyr winds at play,
Wake sleeping birds at pale, blue dawn,
Kiss open buds to bloom at morn.
Whisper cloud-secrets to the trees,
Dance o'er green ripples of the seas;
Play hide-and-seek throughout the grass:
And speed the butterflies that pass.
Tang of the sea, and breath of pine,
I'd breathe as gifts to friends of mine,
Had I long, magic hours to play
With zephyr winds for one June day.

❦ ❦ ❦

PICTURES

PICTURES rise both day and night,
Drawn from shaded forms of light;
Nature paints with every hue
Masterpieces, old and new.
Wind-hills blown across the sky,
Born of clouds as they pass by,
Birds that hover, beasts that creep;
Rippled sands from oceans deep.

Giant faces, grim and old,
Men on horseback, strong and bold;
Dainty ladies, cherubs wee;
Mystic cities, fair to see.
Witches ride, at dawn in trees,
Phantom shapes on crouching knees;
Silhouetted hands of night,
Eyes of unknown astral light.

Living pictures lie around,
Up above, and on the ground.
Pools where in reflections are
Moonbeams, or a lonely star.
Pictures come, and pictures stay,
Changing colour night and day;
So wherever we may be
Pictures rise for us to see.

UNREST

LIKEN me to the sea,
I am restless with waves
That reflect;
Reflections of life high above
And below;
And they break upon lands
That oft-times are foreign to me.
I have passion to flood
The land of my dreams,
But the waves mostly lap
Pebbl'd, mundane, flat shores
Of life's beach,
In the kelp of ebb-tide;
So I wait,—
Yet on the horizon is light,—
Dream visions of dawn.

❦ ❦ ❦

THE SCHOOL PASSAGE

WE KNOW a passage dark and long,
Excepting when the light is on;
Fat little hooks sit on the wall,
Hung low for those who are not tall,
Where coats and hats hang in a row
Unless—oh, say it very low—
We knock them down when we are late,
And think we have not time to wait,
Then some one tidy comes along
Who puts them where they don't belong.

The passage knows both friend and foe,
"You did." "I didn't." "You did so."
Such ugly voices meet the ears,
With cries of pain, then angry tears.
But best of all we laugh and talk,
And dance, and play instead of walk,
And sing again our latest song;
Then, when a teacher comes along
We love, we choose the darkest place
To hold her tight, and kiss her face.

At night that passage at our school
Must be so very still and cool,
Then, from our bags do indoor shoes
Hop out, and walk about in twos?
And do they talk of you and me
At night when no one else can see?
We wonder if we could find out
If things like that do walk about.

❦ ❦ ❦

IN SUMMER TIME

WHEN summer breezes fan the morning air
To scatter scents of lavender abroad,
With lemon thyme, and mignonette, and phlox;
I then, with shady hat and oldish clothes,
Seek mild adventure in the raspberry canes
That fence our garden deep with ramparts green.
I gather swiftly fragrant, scented fruit,—
Inverted, velvet thimbles, dusky red,
Which slip so cleanly from their creamy cones—
And drop each one into a white-lined dish,
And with them build a rosy pyramid
To add enchantment to a simple meal.
Their shady leaves are moist with dew of night,
Some brush my face with gentle, cold, wet touch,
Like little, hairy hands of some blind elf.
A tabby kitten plays at hide-and-seek
Amidst the jungle of the undergrowth,
A robin glides along the moss-grown path—
Quick tug at earth,—then dangling from its beak
There hangs a worm. A tiny humming-bird
Darts close, and then away, its gleaming wings
Whirr like an unseen fairy spinning-wheel;
While chickens croon a low, seductive chant
Behind a latticed wall, expectantly,
When tempting berries, from a friendly hand,
Fall to their share amidst the dusty earth.
Across the harbour, carried by the breeze,
Clang shunting trains, hoarse steam-whistle hoots,
And intermittent hammer at the wharves;
Harsh city noises dulled enough to make
Our garden seem a little haven green.
The white-lined dish has all that it can hold,
Two raspberry leaves have crowned the pyramid;
I stoop and give the tabby-kit a kiss.

A SUMMER'S EVENING ON VANCOUVER INLET

THE SUN has set below the distant isles
In shimmering haze of dazzling crimson light,
The mirrored sea reflects the golden sky,
And twilight in the forest heralds night.
The trees within the seabound City Park
Are one curved bank of silhouetted shades,
Their heads in pencilled clearness in the wane
Of light which deepens even while it fades.
White wreaths of thin night mists float out and trail
Between the undergrowth of bush and tree,
And up the cleared, and dim brown mountainside
Clings smoke of forest fires. From sky and sea
And land it takes a mystic transient tint
Of passing shades, from bronze to purple grey,
To intermingle with the rising mists,
And vanish in the aftermath of day.
Soon twinkling lamps illuminate the streets,
Bright beaded chains of self-reflecting light,
Each lends a tiny pathway out from land
Across the dark blue waters of the night.
High peaks of snow-flecked mountains, broken heights,
Huge rugged crescent walls of indigo,
Rough-fringed by trees against the fading sky,
Surround the city, park, and sea below.
The landscape now is but a shadow land
As if some veil had blurred the whole design,
Then breaking silence, like a thunder clap,
The evening gun booms forth the hour of nine.
The echo of the sound rolls through the town,
Encircles space, across the Inlet flies,
Then gathering dying force comes to its own
First starting-point, and grumbling, rumbling, dies.
It seems the finished call for night to draw
Her mantle o'er the land, and send away
To join the multitude of others past
With lost eternity, the ended day.

A BALLADE OF THE MIST

SKY, LAND and sea are dimly one,
A drifting fog hides English Bay,
Excepting where the hidden sun
Throws back a fading, pallid ray,
To light a mountain's shoulder grey;
Then slowly mists fold it from sight,
And somewhere sunset holds her sway,
When dusky twilight dreams with night.

Red gloaming's magic has begun,
On sky, and sea, and beach-strewn way,
Until a rose-lit world is won,
Through tinted mists—in tiers they lay
And joined and broke again; they stray;
The mountains blush with rosy light
Until it slowly fades away,
When dusky twilight dreams with night.

Crack! . . . echoing volley of a gun,
Wet, skimming wings (like wind through hay),
Swift flights of mallards with their young,
Seek cover, lest they be a prey—
Grim finish to their little day—
As one grey-winged bird falls in flight,
Why must it happen just to-day?
When dusky twilight dreams with night.

ENVOI

All sporting men count that fair play,—
It chills and makes my thoughts less bright,—
The mists drift back—what need to stay?
When dusky twilight dreams with night.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

In the centre of the British Empire, May Perceval Judge was born, and there, amid the teeming child-life of London, she first learned to give expression to her gift of poetry in the form of rhyming letters addressed to older friends.

Poems of childhood followed, quaint little verses about those things youth loves and understands; and when later her family came to Vancouver, British Columbia, Miss Judge, having passed through a period of active preparation for an artistic career, began to achieve more serious work.

A clever paraphrase of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man," written when she was only fourteen years of age, set her feet on the ladder of song, and since then she has climbed far upward, writing along two distinct and equally alluring lines of thought—the one expressed in merry lilting rhymes for the amusement of little people, and the other in poems of Nature and charming sonnets that carry an appeal to the discriminating reader.

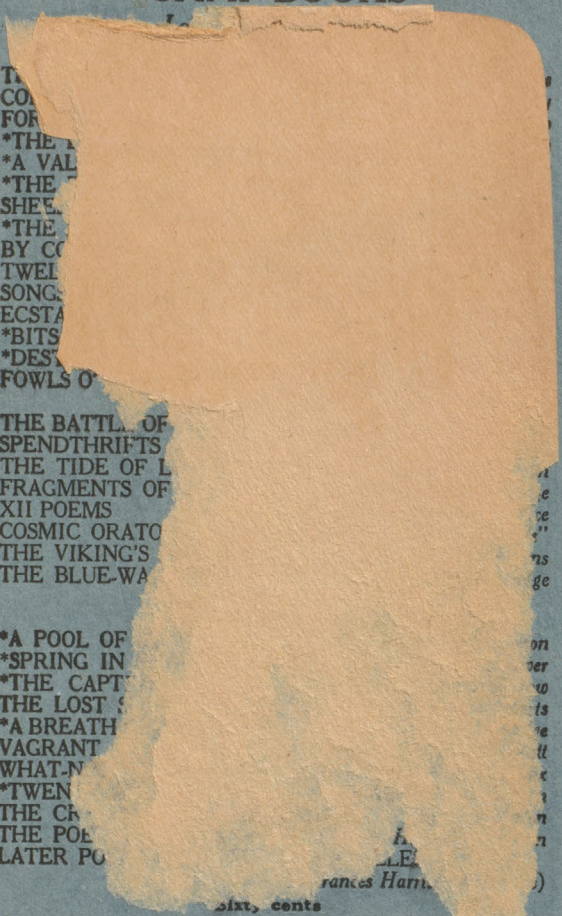
Many of May Perceval Judge's verses are appearing in current Canadian and American magazines and newspapers, where one is not surprised that they attract much favourable comment.

As a teacher of kindergarten, Miss Judge has been unusually successful; she has invented new methods, new rhymes and new games for elementary instruction, and has made her classroom ever a happy, home-like place for the children who adore her. Small wonder that she can give to the world pleasant poetry out of the abundance of her imagination.

JULIA W. HENSHAW, F.R.G.S., C. de G.
Vancouver, B.C.

TP

THE RY[illegible]OETRY CHAP-BOOKS



THE BATTL[illegible] OF
SPENDTHRIFTS
THE TIDE OF L[illegible]
FRAGMENTS OF
XII POEMS
COSMIC ORATO[illegible]
THE VIKING'S
THE BLUE-WA[illegible]

*A POOL OF
*SPRING IN
*THE CAPT[illegible]
THE LOST [illegible]
*A BREATH
VAGRANT
WHAT-N[illegible]
*TWEN
THE CH[illegible]
THE POE[illegible]
LATER PO[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]LE[illegible]
rances Harm[illegible])

Sixty cents

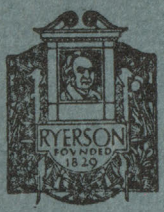
*SONGS — By John Hanlon
*OTHER SONGS — By John Hanlon
COCKLE-SHELL AND SANDAL-SHOON — By H. T. J. Coleman
*WAIFS OF THE MIND — By W. V. Newson

Seventy-five cents

PAUL PERO — By R. D. Cumming

One Dollar

*The Chap-Books marked with an asterisk are now out of print.


RYERSON
FOUNDED
1829

DATE DUE



765498

7138